

Esther Campbell

Tape #70

(Part 2 cont. from tape #84)

Esther Campbell (Esther): ...the way the family figures, and we figured from other things that had happened, he was about 106 years old when he died.

Bill Tennent (BT): Getting back to the John Jarvie Historical Site, on the grounds near it, there are four graves. Could you tell us who is buried here on the Jarvie place?

Esther: The best known of them is Jesse Ewing, who had a mine up Jesse Ewing Canyon. He was a miner, prospector. He is buried up here. Also, the boy that he killed. Jesse Ewing had been clawed in the face by a bear, so he had some ugly scars that made him a very homely man. At one time, Jesse Ewing and the boy both were up at the saloon two miles up above this place. The boy was kidding or teasing Jesse Ewing about being such a homely, ugly man and it didn't set too well with Jesse Ewing, so he followed the boy out when he started to go home. At that time, of course, the river froze over, made an ice bridge, so the boy was crossing the ice to come home. Jesse Ewing followed him and made a leap at him with his arm in the air with a knife in his hand, stabbed him in the back, the boy fell, bleeding, on the ice. Jesse just left him there, and went back to the saloon and told them, "If you want to see pretty corpse, go down and look on the river." So the boy was buried on this Jarvie place above the corral. When Jesse Ewing died a few years later, there was an argument as to whether to bury him below the boy that he had killed or above the boy. They finally put him above the boy.

I don't know the name of the man that killed him, but somebody came through the country, they all were wanderers all the time, stopped at Jesse Ewing's camp and stayed a few days. Jesse Ewing had a woman staying there with him by the name of Madam Forestall. This other fellow who had come to his camp, to his cabin to stay, began to get pretty friendly with Madam Forestall. They began to make plans that the two of them would run away together. So, they began to plot against Jesse Ewing. Jesse went up to his mines every day, walked up the trail up to the mine. He began to feel a little suspicious about the two. So, one day he sneaked back, but they saw him coming just before he reached the cabin. They saw him through the cracks in the logs and they shot him through the crack in the logs, between the logs, shot him and left him on the trail. They got on their horses and rode down to Jarvie's to tell him that Jesse was sick, for him to go up and help him. So, Jarvie went up, but when he got up there, he found that he was dead instead of just sick. So, they brought him back down here on Jarvie's place to bury him.

So he is up there, the boy he killed, Jim Robinson, is just below his grave. There are two other graves here. One was Hook and one Young. Hook was drowned in the river, I don't remember the details, and Young, I don't know anything about him either, but Claireborne claims that Young was really buried up the river at that saloon, that that is his grave that is up there. But Ann and Josie Bassett were the ones that helped us locate graves and mark them here around through the Park and they thought it was Young's grave that was here. They know there was four graves, but whether it was Young or somebody else, we're not sure.

BT: I noticed on the ?? that some of the buildings are constructed out of rail ties. How did they happen to get here?

Esther: Well, the railroad used to go through Green River, Wyoming, and it still does. They had lots of railroad ties piled up there on the siding. One year, there was a big run-off, flood in the Green River, and it washed all that pile of ties down the river. The Jarvie boys would see these go floating past in that high waters, so they'd dive into the river and rescue a log at a time and bring it back to shore, bring it back to the bank. They've used all those railroad ties for the buildings around here, the shed, in the corrals, and all their out-buildings were built with those ties at one time. We heard that he even had fences built of those ties, but I don't see any signs of them now. They are historical themselves because they are hand-hewn, of course, different than ties that are made now, so they look different. They look different than the ties that you see now on the railroad.

BT: There's another item on the site here of a lot of historical interest which is a hanging post that was used to hang Jack Bennett. Can you tell us a little bit about that story and how it came to be here?

Esther: That happened in 1898, in March of 1898. A man by the name of Harry Tracy had escaped from the Salt Lake prison. He was a killer, and another man, by the name of Lant, was also trying to keep away from the law for some reason, I don't know what. The third one is Johnson. There had been a dance in Brown's Park the night before, of course, dancing until daylight. So Johnson had gone to bed to get his rest after the dance and the cook called breakfast, but Johnson didn't get up. So, the cook sent a boy by the name of Willie Strang in to wake Johnson, call him again. This time Willie Strang took a dipper of water and threw at Johnson to help wake him up. That angered Johnson enough that he got his gun and shot the boy. So he had to escape.

He joined forces with Lant and Tracy. They all rode down through the Park to make their escape. They went up on the east side of the Green River Canyon, up where the Gates of Lodore, what they call the Gates of Lodore are now. There's a trail going up on Douglas Mountain, they started up that trail. It didn't take the Brown's Park people long to form a posse and follow after them. One was Kid Vaughn, who was a resident in the area, more up towards Bear River, though, where Sunbeam is now. The Hoys were in that posse. Bassett was the postmaster, so he wasn't in the posse, he stayed home to take care of his post office. But there was quite a group of masked men.

Josie was just a young girl then, she was married to Jim MacKnight and the oldest son, Chick, was just a baby. She had Chick in her arms and she said, "Look at the funny people coming." Mr. Bassett saw them coming, these masked people. He said, "Quick, get all the women together and hide, because there's going to be trouble, there's something wrong." So, Josie went and warned all the women, quite a few women at the place at that time. It was a stopping place for everybody.

So, she gathered up the women and they hid somewhere 'til this mad crowd came by. Josie said she remembered one man masked in the sleeve of a slicker with eye holes cut. So Bassett met these people and tried to calm them down, but they handcuffed him to the bedpost

and went on trying to catch up to the killers. They went up the trail, they knew where they had gone, and followed after them until they came pretty close. They were getting too close and Harry Tracy yelled out, "Don't come another step." Hoy thought he was a brave man, he wanted to show how brave he was so he did go another step and they shot him right there. So, of course, that stopped the others. They had to pick Hoy up and lead him on his horse, go back down the trail with him tied on his horse across the saddle.

On the way down, they met John Bennett coming up with supplies for these three killers, three men. So, they captured him and put the handcuffs on him, brought him back down to the Bassett place. They immediately hung him to the pole which was across the corral and stood him up in the springboard buggy and put the noose around his neck. When they were all ready, they pulled the wagon out from under him and let him hang. But they didn't take him down for three days; they left him hanging there for three days while they took after the others. They were going to hang all four of them on the pole, wanted to hang all of them at one time. But they didn't catch up with the others, oh, it was some time later. They had to follow them across the badlands country. It was the 8th of March and snow was crusted and sharp, they wore out their shoes making bloody tracks in the snow.

They finally caught them over in Powder Springs, which was an outlaw camp at that time. That's where they were heading, so they caught them just before they got to Powder Wash, down in a gulch, the bottom of a gully. They were hiding down in there. Tracy was still fighting, trying to keep them from getting him, but the rest of them gave up. They finally captured Tracy, too, and brought him, took him to Hahn's Peak, which was the county seat at that time. Later, that county was divided into Routt and Moffat, but Hahn's Peak was the county seat at that time. They had a little jail.

So they put the three of them in there and they escaped from there a time or two. They put them back in and they'd take them to another jail and put them in there, and they'd escape again. Finally, they took them up to the prison up in Washington, maybe it was Oregon, where Tracy finally died. But they said if they had killed him in the first place, it would have saved the lives of twenty-six more men, that he killed that many more people, trying to keep away from the law. That may be too many, I don't know.

BT: When did you bring the hanging post to the Jarvie place?

Esther: It was the summer of 1949. Ann Bassett and her husband, Frank Willis, came back to the Bassetts' cabin down here in Brown's Park to spend the summer. He was interested in finding uranium. He was a geologist and he'd worked with uranium over at Leeds, Utah. We were from the old Silver Reef Mine, a silver mine, but in their pile that they had discarded, there was quite a bit of uranium. So Ann and Frank were reworking it getting the uranium out of the Silver Reef Mine.

They spent the summer down here. They wanted to file on some uranium claims; they thought we had some sign of it up at Teepee on Douglas Mountain. They looked up there for a few trips around, but couldn't find anything that amounts to much, so they went over into the Sand Wash country. Frank and Duward staked claims while I took care of Ann, she had a bad heart. Someone had to be with her all the time to give her a little pill under her tongue, a nitroglycerin pill, in case she had a spell. So that summer, Frank gave us the hanging pole. He

said we might as well take it up to our place and put it across our own gates because anyone there, not knowing what it was, would just use it for branding fire probably, burn it up. So we have it up here across one of our gates.

BT: There were a lot of colorful characters who lived in Brown's Park and most of them someway or another had some sort of association with the Jarvie place. He had hired, at one time, a man named Speck Williams to help him run his ferry. I'd appreciate it if you could tell us maybe something about some of these characters, maybe starting off with Speck Williams.

Esther: Speck Williams, I think, did run the ferry for Jarvie part of the time. He also had a ferry further down the river that I think Crouse probably built. Jarvie operated this ferry, too. There was lots of travel through this country at that time, more than there is now. It's surprising to learn that at that time they had mail twice a day, both directions. Now we get it twice a week. But they had mail from the Vernal area down through what they called Mail Draw, then up Red Creek Canyon and over to Ft. Bridger. The mail went in the morning that direction and came back to Vernal in the afternoon, so there was mail twice a day.

Jarvie operated the ferry, and Speck, too, probably, I think part of the time to cross the mail, cross the river, or the Indians, lots of Indians crossed it, or to cross government supplies, the soldiers would bring government supplies from Ft. Robidoux, I think they called it, over by Vernal to Ft. Bridger over in Wyoming. This was the route through there, then, between the two places. So, Speck Williams did work for Crouse, too, at that time, or part of the time.

There is a story that Crouse went to a Brown's Park dance and his wife didn't go, but she was beginning to think it was time for him to come home, so she sent Speck Williams over to the dance site, wherever it was, to get Mr. Crouse to come home. He rode his horse across the river and got Mr. Crouse to get up behind him on his horse to cross the river. Out in the middle of the river, the story goes that Crouse pulled his knife and slashed Speck Williams across the stomach so his bowels came out. He fell in the sand on the other side of the river and rolled around in the sand in pain. Well, they sent for Mrs. Crouse to come down and help him. She washed him out, washed the sand out from his part that was hanging out and put it back in and sewed him up.

That's the story that William Tittsworth has in his book, *The Outskirt Episodes*, but Minnie Crouse doesn't admit to that story, she said that her father never pulled off anything like that. Of course, she wouldn't want to admit it whether it's true or not; nobody knows. But he lived through it.

BT: Did you know Minnie Crouse?

Esther: Yes, she spent five days, pretty near a week, here last summer with me. I've known her for a few years. I think she was about 91 when I first met her. That was, I think, the Williams, Alene and Paul Williams, brought her down here one time to make us acquainted with her. So she has been a friend ever since then. She came down, she liked to go around and visit with different people in the area, so she spent about a week with me last summer. I enjoyed her very much; she's an interesting person, a spry, alert little woman. She would be 96 now. On the 5th of June she was 96, had her 95th birthday while she was here last summer.

BT: Two other people that are best known to the Park are Ann and Josie Bassett. I know that you knew both of them. Maybe you could tell us a little bit about their personalities. Why Ann is called the Queen of the Rustlers, if she really was a rustler, if not, how these rumors begin.

Esther: Ann really was a rustler, I suppose you would call her that. In fact, everybody in the Park would think we were rustlers in some way or another at that time, whenever they'd find an unbranded calf they would put the brand on and claim it. Her first beginning, of course, was her milk cow to begin with. But then when she was about six or seven years old, some cattle came through the country. Some people brought their herds of cattle trailing through the Park, and they lost a little calf that strayed away from its mother. Ann found it, brought it home, and she proceeded to brand it herself. Of course, she had some of the cowboys that were working for them help her a little. But she never did want to admit to her mother that she had that calf, she kept him in hiding all summer, as long as she could. I guess she finally found out that she had it, but, what did they call him? Burr, she called him Burr, I believe, Little Burr. He was such a ragged-looking little calf that she had some kind of name like that for him, but that was her beginning in the cattle industry. Whenever they would find anything, they would brand it and keep it for their own.

As she got older, she became a very good hand with a rope. She could rope and shoot with any man, any cowboy in the country, handled a rope just as well as any man. She would follow the roundups in the spring, probably the only woman. I think she was the only woman with a bunch of cowboys, but she held her own among them. She had her little tent that she'd sleep in every night, she told me. But she was very sure that she got up early and got her hair combed and herself well-groomed before the breakfast call was given out, because anybody that was late, the rest of them who were up would throw a rope on the tent and drag it off. So she was sure that she was ready to be dragged before she showed herself, before they got the tent. But she could hold her own with any of them.

That's one thing they claim about Ann, that she could fit in any kind of society in the highest genteel society among society folk. She could speak their language or she could also fit in the roughest cow camp. So she was really Queen of the Rustlers. She had her own group of men. And that's another thing that Duward experienced one time, that no one else in this country knew anything about, I don't think. Down at Ann's and Josie's camp on Cub Creek over on the end of Blue Mountain. Duward and Azer Johnson knew Ann and Josie very well, they'd go down to visit them quite often. It's just about fifteen miles above Jensen, but they'd slip off from their Blue Mountain cow camp and go down to visit Ann and Josie whenever Mr. Johnson would go back to town. They always had lots of fun down there stealing turkeys from each other and cooking them, or get the watermelons out of the Chew patch or have a big roast goose or something every once in a while. One time, they cooked Josie's goose and invited her to come and help eat it.

But she was the leader of a group of men, they had their sort of travel route through this country down into Arizona and up into Montana. These riders would go through every once in a while. Nobody knew just where they were or what they'd done, but they were probably rustlers. So they would come to Ann's place, maybe to spend the night or two, and then go on their journey.

So Duward and Azer happened to get down there one time when there was a big group of

people there. Strange men, they didn't know any of them. Among these strange men was a boy about Duward's age, probably 16, 15 or 16. So Duward and this boy struck up a friendship. They visited and talked quite a bit together and that night, they were in the cabin, all of them, visiting and talking, all at once somebody shot the lamp chimney off the lamp and everything became black. It was dark. By the time they got a light going again, Duward said he never saw that boy again. I think he figured that he was talking too much to Duward and they got rid of him somehow or another. He never knew what happened to him. So that kind of showed that it was a rough group anyway.

She was Queen of the Rustlers, she was their leader. She never admitted that to me or to anybody; she said that she was just a citizen, but they all did that. On the other hand, she had a very queenly way of carrying herself. She was a born leader. She gave the orders and everybody else followed them. That was her way, she was a very strong personality.

Josie was a very calm, quiet, friendly person, more home-loving body, friendly. But she had the reputation of getting rid of her husbands, but nobody knows whether that's the truth or not. According to Ann, the notes I have that Ann gave me, they all died natural deaths—maybe from pneumonia or something of that sort. But the last husband, *there* is a story about Josie. Her last husband was Ben Morris, and he lived until, I think he passed away about two years ago. He lived over in Skull Creek country for many years. But he always walked with a stiff neck, his head was to one side. They claimed that the reason that he did that was that Josie had shot him in the neck as she ran him out from home and shot him in the neck as he went. Shot at him, but hit him in the neck, so he had a stiff neck the rest of his life. But this Ben Morris always said that, "I can go back to the ranch any time that I want to and stay for two minutes. She gave me five minutes to get off of the place and I still have two of them left."

So Josie was kind of a queen, too. She's known as Queen of the Rustlers, too, but I don't think that she rustled in the same manner that Ann did. She did butcher beef quite often and sold the beef. They had a trial for her not too long ago. Of course, she's been dead now for quite a while, since '65. Duward went to her trial in Vernal. They had a lawyer, pretty powerful lawyer from Salt Lake, came to help her out and fight against it. He was against Josie. She fought her own case pretty much, the Bassetts always did. They always said that no one ever won a case against a Bassett. So in this trial they questioned her all about these hides that were hanging on the fence, and all about the cattle that she had butchered.

"Did you ever butcher a cow, Mrs. Morris?" "Yes." "How long did it take you?" "Probably 45 minutes." She could butcher a critter in a very short time and get it all cleaned out, hang the hide on the fence. She had her fence made of these hides. So they took one hide in to show in this case against her, and they asked her, "Mrs. Morris, did you kill the cow that wore that hide?" And she said, "I don't know, sir, I can't tell what cow wore that hide." So she got out of it; they didn't catch her on anything. She fought her own case, most of it. So at the end of the trial that day, Duward was talking with Josie out in the hallway at the courthouse, and this big lawyer came through and said, "Well, Mrs. Morris, we didn't get you this time, but we will next time." It was a hung jury. She looked up at him and tapped him on the forehead and said, "Young man, you just don't have it there." They never did get her for anything, or any of the Bassetts, to prove anything on them.

They had a trial up at Hahn's Peak for Ann about 1908 for rustling, they didn't prove anything that time. That was the time that I got the best acquainted with her, or first acquainted.

That was 1949, when she came to my school house in Brown's Park and asked for Duward and she said, "I don't suppose you know who I am." I don't know what made me say it, but I said, "Yes, I believe I do." I just had a hunch that she was Ann Bassett. And she said, "Well, you're right." So just from what Duward had described her, I guess. We got acquainted with her then.

What she had come to the country for, she was writing the story of her life and she needed a certain few years of her notes that were lost. They were lost at the time she was herding the bulls up on Douglas Mountain. She lived up at Teepee Springs, she camped up there at Teepee Springs and herded the bulls for all the cattlemen in the country. Her brothers, George and Ed, had started the job, but they got to playing around too much and the bulls would mix with the other cattle in the country and it wasn't very satisfactory deal. So Ann took it over. Ed and George would go down to run wild cattle, as we run wild horses nowadays. They ran the wild long-horned cattle, they called them cedar breakers. So George and Ed and the others would have lots of fun running cedar breakers down towards Yampa Canyon.

Ann took over the job and she took very good care of them. She sat up on the ridge between Teepee Draw and Brown Draw every day on a certain big log, fallen pine. She would sit up there and watch that no other cattle from any other direction came in to mix with her bulls. She had about 200-250 bulls in her herd. The owners paid her a dollar a month per bull. So she was making about \$250 a month where the other cowhands and regular cowboys were making about \$25-\$30 a month. They built a big corral up there to keep them in up by Teepee Springs, up on the bank above Teepee Springs up on the hill. She would get up early in the morning, she corralled them every night, get up early in the morning, would put a few raisins in her pocket to go out and turn her bulls out of the corral. She'd follow them down into the grass country down below in the open range where they could spread out and eat. Then she would go back and eat her breakfast.

After breakfast, she went up on this ridge, sat on her favorite log where she wrote her diary every day. She'd write her diary, had a little book that she wrote her diary in, then put it in a lard bucket. She said it was Cotine Lard, but we don't know about any more, put the lid on the bucket and hang it up in the tree, the pine tree there. So when she came back in '49 when she had come to the schoolhouse that day, she came back to hunt that bucket with her diary in, because she was writing the story of her life. She lacked those few years in there from nineteen, about 1908 is when it was, that part of her diary. So it was forty years later when she came to hunt it.

But in 1908 is when they had that trial up at Hahn's Peak for her. She left in such a hurry, she forgot to go and get her bucket, that's why she didn't have those notes. So we went back in 1949 to see if we could find the bucket up on the hill. She led us right to the spot. We looked all through the pine needles and pine cones up there and couldn't find it. We even looked down over the side of the hill, but no sign of the bucket. So she had to give up and just write from memory what those years had for her story. Never did find it, but we did hear later that the ground boys down at the smelter ranch had found the bucket years before and that the diary was still in existence passing around from one to the other. A man by the name of Ora Harrison in Craig had it. He claimed he had it but couldn't find it. So he decided that probably his wife had thrown it in the dump after so many years. So we've never seen it. I've heard later, just in the last year or so, that somebody else had it and they would send it to me, but I haven't seen it and I forget who told me that. She was writing then the story of the Scars and Two Bars and the story of her life to go in the Colorado State Historical Magazine. She has four issues of her story in the

State Historical Magazine. It tells about the time from her beginning through her life. She died in about 1956, I think, about nine days before her birthday.

BT: I guess one of most popular characters to frequent Brown's Park, of course, was Butch Cassidy. I know that you've never met him, but there was an episode where your husband did. Maybe you could tell us about that.

Esther: Well, according to his story, he claimed he met him when he, himself, was a boy. He met him in Texas when he was about 11 years old. Butch Cassidy worked for Duward's father under the name of Ed Cassidy or E.S. Cassidy and became a very good friend of Duward's father and of Duward. According to the story that Lula [Betenson] has written now, *Butch Cassidy, My Brother*, Butch did think a lot of children and that's probably why he took to Duward. He would take care of Duward for Mr. Campbell while Mr. Campbell, he had separated from Duward's mother, was going to Fort Worth to see another woman. He would take this E.S. Cassidy and Duward along and get them a room in the hotel so they could stay in the hotel and be with each other.

Duward was just, as I say, about 11 years old so it was about 1913. They would go down to the store and buy a sackful of bananas, they could get a big sackful for 10 cents, take up to the room and eat them. This E.S. Cassidy would talk about things up in the Vernal country, ask Duward questions about this person or that person and about the ice caves. He said he had hidden in the ice caves in Brush Creek. So Duward, in later years, it didn't dawn on him then, but in later years, he figured that that must have been Butch Cassidy because he knew the area, knew the people and the country. So Lula Parker used that story in her book, *Butch Cassidy, My Brother*, to help prove that he did come back to the United States instead of being killed in Bolivia.

BT: Do you know of any other people in the Park that you've talked with or that you know that actually knew Butch Cassidy?

Esther: Well, probably one. I've heard of lots of different ones said they knew him. But this one story is about Anna Maudlin. She was a Moffat County teacher same time I was teaching. She was a very, one of Moffat County's best teachers, I think. Her mother as a little girl lived up in Dad (?) Wyoming, a little place called Dad, just a little store I think. They got their mail in Baggs so this Mrs. Clark, her name is now, Eunice Clark, that's her married name, her name was Solace I believe, no, maybe not, but as a little girl she would ride her big old fat mare through Baggs to get the mail. Quite often Butch Cassidy and his wild bunch were there at Baggs. They spent quite a bit of time there. Butch Cassidy, just to show his love for little children, would spy this Eunice coming up the road on this big fat mare and he would ride down the road to meet her and to bring her into Baggs safely so the rest of the Bunch wouldn't bother her. He would kid her as he rode along with her and want to trade horses with her and so on. She always came wearing her little sun bonnet riding this big fat horse. So he would bring her into Baggs and stay close by to protect her until she was through and ready to go home with her mail, then he would ride down the road with her again to see that she got home safely. So that shows that he did care for children. He was human, too.

BT: I guess that's the way most of the people in the Park treated him. Did they...

Esther: They did. They all liked Butch Cassidy and didn't question him, any of these people, these outlaws, that spent their time in the Park. They didn't question them about where they'd been or what they'd been doing. They knew they were pulling off something, but they didn't bother anything in the Park, so they didn't raise any fuss about it, just treated them as everybody else, as just part of the Park.

In about 1908, it was before Jarvie was killed, the outlaws decided to repay the citizens of the Park, the settlers, for their kindness and their hospitality among all of them by giving a Thanksgiving Dinner. They had the dinner at the Davenport place, which is now the Rodosevich place. All the outlaws were there, they were the ones who cooked the dinner. Isom Dart cooked the dinner dressed in white from head to foot, and the outlaws, Butch Cassidy among all of them, Elza Lay, Dave Bender, Billy Bender's gang, all of them served the meal, cooked the meal and served it, had as their guests all of the settlers in the Park. It was Brown's Park's first social affair, very nice. The people in the park brought their best dishes and their silver their candles and dressed it up very fancy and they, themselves, came in their best clothes, all were dressed up, and had a program. Jarvie was the Master of Ceremonies and they had the program planned, had Ann give a little story, Ann was just a young girl then, had Ann tell the story of the first Thanksgiving. Ava Morgan had a very good voice and she sang two songs for the program and they were "Mighty Like a Rose" was one and the other was "Then You'll Remember Me".

In 1959 our Brown's Park crowd reenacted the outlaw Thanksgiving Dinner. Our club put on the dinner up at the Maybell, what was the Maybell Hall then. We entertained all the other clubs in the county. So all of our club members took part as some of the characters that were present at that original dinner. I was Butch Cassidy, Ann Ducy was John Jarvie, she made a very good John Jarvie because her gray-white hair was long and curly like Jarvie's was. She had a beautiful coat that had been her father's, a long-tailed coat. She got dressed up in that, looked very much like Jarvie. We sent his picture away to the Denver costume house and had a beard made to copy the picture, the one in the picture, so she looked very much like Jarvie. And besides that, she had the Scotch dialect so she could talk just like him.

We enacted the dinner over again, had the same menu. I got all my information from Ann, the details as to the menu and who the guests were, all the people in the Park. I think about thirty-five of the people who were living in the Park at that time came to the dinner. The only one who was at the original dinner who was able to be there was Josie. We invited her as a very special guest. She had been just a young girl at the time of the real dinner, married though. She was married about 16, I think, to MacKnight, Jim MacKnight. So she came to the dinner and they asked her to make a little talk. She got up to tell what she thought about it. She said it was so real because we tried to follow the dress and the hairstyles and everything of the original dinner, it was so real that it was hard to believe she wasn't at the original dinner. The program and everything was the same. So she was much impressed.

Afterwards they told us that about the finest home-demonstration program or entertainment that had ever been put on in the county. But we wanted to make it a historical one for Brown's Park.